

Fresh Slave Market  
Episode #1: A Cumguzzler's Story  
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Chapter 1: The Fatman

It was at this point that she was beginning to have second thoughts. Or perhaps the closest thing to second thoughts she could have as they collided and ran together, the amphetamines racing through her. She was unaware of what was happening to her, or what the Fatman had injected her with. It was a pleasant sensation at first, but now in the darkness of the limo's trunk, she was growing fidgety, tugging at her bonds.

What the hell had she been thinking? She wonders to herself now, as paranoia grows like a snowball falling down a hillside. She realized now that this was no longer a game that she was playing in the safety of her imagination. This was for real and this fat fucker had probably poisoned her or something. Or maybe they were going to take her kidneys? The snowball now an avalanche smothering her, chilling her from head to toe. She remembered reading about some "Kidney Snatchers" or something in one of the groups; recollection starts to drift to her in between bouts of panic. The groups... something that had started as idle curiosity and forbidden fantasy.

Memory flows now with the avalanche, hastened by the speed and rage of the drug. The memory of herself alone... always alone. Not for lack of desire, but rather lack of trying. Too shy for the clubs and bars, low self-esteem, what would be the point of going to a club? She always told herself that she had better things to do than go to some noisy club with a bunch of uppity yuppies only to pay for over-priced drinks she didn't enjoy anyhow. She always told herself that. She eventually believed it, and finally did find something better to do. The blood was now rushing through the veins in her ears. She could hear the rush loudly, even over the noise of the limo. It welcomed her in further to the memory, blocking out the now.

She had discovered erotic fiction on the internet. Taking a liking to BDSM, she had spent many nights reading alone, fascinated by the perversion. Frightened by some of the things she read, but the fear heightens her arousal. Fascination gave way to addiction, the nights blurred as she began to spend more and more of her time reading. Addiction became obsession when she joined some online communities that catered to this fiction. Fans writing and submitting stories, most of them fantasy. However, some of the stories were based loosely on real events. She had discovered within herself, a morbidly erotic response to the fiction that covered modern day slave markets.

"GO GO GO GO!" the drug now screams at her heart, pounding ever faster as she becomes aroused just at the thought. Her personal fantasy had become refined over the months, and now the briefest reminder of it sent her blood rushing. She is standing on a dais with a dozen other girls, all naked and secured to the ceiling and floor with rope around their necks and ankles, wrists tied behind their backs. She likes the imagined feel of the rope securing her arms to her waist behind her back. Secure and powerless as the audience members of this market take turns inspecting the women. She imagines one man squeezing her breasts to make sure the 34Cs are real. Another man would be spreading her ass cheeks to see if her ass has any of the signs of having been violated. No she is still tight, not so much as a finger back there. He smiles as he grabs a handful of her blonde hair in his hands to check for dyes. If she wasn't completely

shaven from the neck down he could tell that the carpet matched the drapes. Her eyes are covered and her mouth is gagged, but her imagination fills the fantasy with men of all descriptions poking and prodding her as a piece of meat on display in the grocer, the objectification humiliating. Scrutinizing her every inch to see if she is worth the price. The price....

The moisture accumulates between her thighs in the limo's trunk, but the drug now has her far into the fantasy. She's oblivious to all except the thought of the price she would bring at auction. The action starts and she is first on the block. One of the men immediately places a bid for her. Others continue to raise the price. But out there behind the blindfold is her Master in shining armor who wants her so much he will pay whatever the cost, to make her his own. She lovingly imagines how wonderful it would be to be so desired. For such a man, she would be so obedient and loyal. She thinks now of being tied up and whipped, but content in her submission as this amuses her wonderful master that wants her so much. He commands her to get on her knees and they spend the remainder of the fantasy doing whatever deviant act she herself would never dream of, if not for the fiction she reads religiously.

The fiction, she needs it now. The blood flushes her face as she longs desperately for further depravity. What horribly disgusting thing will she be commanded to do for her master? Will she be made to service his friends? A woman? A dog? Will he make her take all of his manhood in her anus, or worse... will he instruct her to probe his anus with her tongue? Frustration now reverberating within her mind and body, she is brought back to reality with the realization that her bonds keep her from reaching her sopping wet pussy in the darkness of the limo's trunk.

Her arousal and heady memories now mingle with her fear. Her obsession had eventually rooted her being, and was impacting her work. She had even lost touch with family. She couldn't concentrate; everything she saw reminded her of her longing. That's when she met a man with the screen-name "FSM", now thought of as that "Fatman" in her mind. He was a member of one of the groups she had subscribed to and author of some of the most vivid "fiction" regarding slave markets. It had only taken a few instant messages before her life became consumed with waiting for and obeying his instruction, as with each step she was closer to realizing her now all consuming goal; *to be sold*. She would sit there late into the night, waiting for his next message to pop up on her screen.

It all started so simply. She had expressed to him that she greatly admired his work, and he had responded with thanks. Slowly the conversation turned to his offer. He said he ran real slave markets in Chicago and said that if she were truly sincere in her need she should consider living the reality instead of the fantasy on-line. This offer brought the same mix of arousal and fear... the arousal winning over the fear; she was determined now to be a commodity, there was no point in living any other life. Before she knew what she was doing she had agreed and was receiving instructions on how to make the arrangements.

## Chapter 2: Captured

The arrangements seemed absurd before the certified check for \$2,500 arrived. She was to purchase a vacation package to Acapulco, Mexico with the money. He walked her through the process, in each instant message providing more details. One of his friends would take her place. Provided with her passport and ID photos, the replacement woman would look just like her and travel to Mexico in her place. A coroner there would be bribed and a false Death

Certificate would be issued. Ashes of some hapless bum would be sent to her family. The plan was rehearsed and the Fatman claimed he had done this many times before. His contacts throughout various Latin American countries took care to erase the lives of his property so that they would be his to sell, without the threat of family or feds looking for them.

A limo arrived for her in front of her apartment, as if from an airport taxi service. Inside the limo were the Fatman and her doppelganger; a double of her that would easily pass through airport screening, looking more like her passport photo than she did. Immediately upon entering she was instructed to disrobe as the driver started the limo. By the time the limo had stopped she was naked, bound tightly with leather straps, a large inflatable gag in her mouth and blindfolded with some sort of leather hood that left her nose exposed. It was then that the Fatman injected her with whatever the hell was now running wild with her mind. Having no experience with narcotics or medicine she was clueless as to what the drug was... but it was making her feel really hot now.

After she was given the shot she was taken out of the limo and placed in the trunk. She couldn't imagine where it was that she was paraded around naked and bound, but her feet had touched lots of pebbles and dirt. God, it was so hot now. She felt like she was going to pass out. Sweat started to flow from every pore. Her mind continued to race with the drug; the drug was winning. She couldn't think straight at all any more and the world became a dim buzz of heat and the occasional bump. She had no idea how long she had been in the trunk.

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The limo stopped. She was startled out of a waking dream and she could feel the rush of cool air enter the trunk as existence filled her mind. Her whole life seemed to have been spent in the dark heat of the trunk, but now she was being hoisted out of her coffin. The mask removed, she could see the limo driver and the Fatman grinning at her, she was inside a very large garage. Here she saw the trunk that had encompassed her for what had seemed an eternity. The sight of it flooding her with emotions. She was so scared and confused. She would have collapsed if not for the firm grip the Fatman had on her.

He brought her in from the garage into an entry hall, his grip on her arms never wavering. Inside was a magnificently decorated hall with four other occupants: two of them women, naked and kneeling on their ankles with their heads down; two of them men standing over the slaves. Before she could finish taking in the surroundings, she was overcome with heat, exhaustion and emotion. She slumped to the floor in a faint.

### Chapter 3: The birth of Cumguzzler

As the world swam back into view she was immediately aware of a massive discomfort in her bowels. She had never felt the urge to shit more in her life. Her eyes bolted open and tears began to flow as her eyes swelled with the pain now reaching unbearable levels.

"Ahh good, you're finally awake..." said a voice behind her. Between sobs she notices that she is strapped to a table face down with her legs secured to the floor, ass hanging over the side. There were several seconds of screaming before she realizes it is her own; her throat raw from the effort and dry from the amphetamines. The speaker's voice joined that of another unseen man in cruel laughter.

"Whaa wha?" she begins to stammer before a lash hits the small of her back. Her scream rings out again, this time causing even more pain in her throat. Her stomach rumbles and her anus feels as though it is going to explode.

"You will not speak, Cumguzzler. The only thing coming out of your mouth will be screams when it amuses me!" says the voice. "What you are feeling right now is the effects of an enema we have administered. You will now expel the contents of your bowels for me. Now, Cumguzzler!"

Through cracked lips and dry throat she struggles to protest her shame and humiliation at being expected to defecate in front of others, but all that comes out is "Buhhh--" and the crack of a whip cutting her off as it lashes her back again. She holds back the scream this time, fearing the pain of that even more than the whip.

"You will not speak, Cumguzzler!" shouts the voice again, "Your mouth is now only for screaming and swallowing. Nothing will come out other than screams!"

She feels the pain from the enema boiling now, and fears she will black out soon, but still the shame burns her. A gentle touch plays at the rim of her anus, spreading her buttocks wide. As her ass is handled, she finds herself unable to keep from blurting out "No, plea--" and again the whip interrupts her.

"Alright this bitch isn't a quick learner, we're going to have to get that tongue out of the way," says the voice, resonating with disgust. She lets go now, the fear driving the fluids from her body as the enema is released. "Ahh good, too little too late I'm afraid though," the man says now still disappointed.

One of the men she saw before passing out, comes around to her with a metal tool in his hands. "Open wide bitch," he commands. She hesitates and the smack hits her face before she realizes her folly. She quickly corrects her mistake and the tool reaches into her mouth. He pulls firmly on her tongue and secures the tool.

The other man from the hall now comes around with a felt-tip marker and what appears to be a tiny barbell. She realizes they intend to pierce her tongue and is at once both relieved to know they do not mean to cut out her tongue, but still scared of the pain the piercing will no doubt cause.

As the two men now in front of her begin their task, the voice from behind continues, "The next market is in 2 weeks, so we're going to have to make your training fast. All property sold at my markets must have my seal of approval, and you will be no exception. We will train you in submission emphasizing two points. One: you will obey without hesitation or thought. Two: you will enjoy obeying, for obeying will be your only joy."

The words rolling like thunder through her head. These were the words she had wanted to be told to her all those nights alone. Now they were being said and they enveloped her. Before she knew it there were a couple quick-sharp stabs in her tongue and the piercing had been done. The pain was not nearly as bad as she had expected, though it still hurt. Her mind dazed by the thunder of his words... "You will enjoy obeying; for obeying will be your only joy".

"Ahh good, that should help you learn to keep your mouth shut. As of tomorrow you will be dead to the world, and your family notified. You no longer

have a family, you have no friends. You will behave and you will try to excel or you will be ejected from my charge and given back to the world that believes you to be dead," lectured the Fatman in disappointment.

"Now let us begin," he said, as she could now feel cold wet fingers probing her anus. She dared not make a noise, not even as he began to test her with first two fingers and then trying to get a third inside her asshole.

"Ahh what a nice tight ass, we shall have a lot of fun tonight," said the voice with a laugh, again echoed by the henchman. "All of my slaves are trained with a basic core program for discipline and obedience, but there are unique paths from there.

"These are specialties to suit the needs of potential buyers. By training a slave in this specialty the buyers who will make use of these skills will of course pay more for the slave." He stops now and positions himself, slowly inserting his cock within her asshole. The ring of her sphincter expands to allow him in, but under stress. He begins a rhythmic thrust, "Your specialty will be as a Cumguzzler. You will be trained to crave cum constantly and without fail. Using a combination of uppers mixed in semen, you will be conditioned to seek out cum as your life's focus," he continues, now grinding faster. His cock feels huge in her ass and she feels as though he's tearing her asshole apart. Tears cascade from her face that is locked in a silent scream. "You want to be a Cumguzzler don't you, bitch?" His smile apparent by the sound of his words.

Although she cannot see him behind her, in her mind she sees him greedily pounding away at her abused ass. She starts to lull back into the drug induced haze, but she finds the haze is lacking now... the pleasant buzz inside her gone.

"Very good --" He interrupts her silent prayer for the drug. "-- you have learned not to speak. Now nod your head to respond. You want me to cum down your throat and make you a greedy little Cumguzzler, don't you?" Somewhere inside her she starts to feel her libido resurface. No one has ever spoken to her like this before. She nodded anxiously, and a moan escapes her lips, while the tears are streaming down her face and burning her eyes. "Oh yea, you bet you do, when I'm done with you you'll be begging every man you meet for his cum." His rhythmic thrusting now intensifying as he says, "And if ever a drop should fall on the ground you'll be there to lick it up, won't you?" She nods again and the thrusting stops. She feels relief she has never known as the Fatman removes his cock from her. He comes around the table to her with a used condom in hand.

One of the henchman hands the Fatman a small plastic bag containing a white powder and what appears to be a tiny piece of cardboard. He empties the powder and cardboard into the condom and shakes it up a bit. Once satisfied he looks at her and says, "Alright Cumguzzler, open your mouth and raise your tongue. I want you to let this sit under your tongue until I tell you its okay to swallow." She complies without hesitation, although mostly out of fear more than blind obedience. Her tongue is now swollen from the piercing and it hurts to move it. The condom is emptied into her mouth and already she can taste the salty semen. She tries hard not to wretch at the imposing flavor.

"Now keep your mouth open and keep my load under your tongue, if you swallow it too early I'm going to change your name from Cumguzzler to Shitguzzler," the Fatman says with a smile. With that, he leaves with his henchman. She takes the time to survey her surroundings. All she can see is a concrete wall in front of her, on it several hooks and chains. The cum in her

mouth hurts her fresh piercing but she fights back the pain, which is not nearly as much pain as her ass had experienced a minute ago. Silently sobbing she begins to calm down.

Several minutes later she hears screaming somewhere in the distance behind her. The screaming continues for several minutes. She thinks it must be one of the other girls here. What horrible specialty did she get, she wonders idly as the cum in her mouth is now seeming less salty, but no less bitter. She had tasted cum in high school while giving a blowjob to her over-excited boyfriend, but it hadn't been this bitter. It must be the powder she thinks, and this thought frightens her intensely. She has hardly even been drunk. Now she's been doped up twice in one day. Though she takes some solace in knowing the buzz will return; in fact, she can already feel something racing around in her veins again.

#### Chapter 4: Speed-demon

The rest of the night was a blur of hallucination and buzz. The Fatman returned and told her to swallow. Her tongue hurt badly still, but the pain was distant. The cardboard had been a tab of LSD, and the powder methamphetamine. There had been a ceremony, or perhaps she only hallucinated that. There was a lot of light and too much color. The sounds were weird and her head felt like a balloon of joy. The sounds instructed her, told her to keep her head down. "Look at the ground!" said one of the voices. They were voices, but there were so many more voices than bodies. And more colors than she had ever seen. She felt a collar around her neck, and memory flooded back to her... She was collared at the ceremony.

"Your name is Cumguzzler from now on." said all of the voices and all of the bodies. She suspected now that some of the colors might have had a voice as well.

She was sitting in a dark room, hands behind her back. There was no light, but there was lots of color. These colors had voices too, but it was distant or maybe everything was just memories. She couldn't tell and she didn't care. Her head was still a balloon of joy, but her throat was parched. One of the colors reminded her of her water bowl. The water bowl was at the ceremony too. It was a pink bowl and said "Cumguzzler" in silver. She leaned forward and found the bowl, and drank from it. The water was cool. She loved the water. She felt the water love her.

Startled she heard a scream. There was screaming again. Had the screaming always been there and she just hadn't noticed it before? "Keep your head down. Look at the ground!" said a memory of a color to her. She did as she was told kneeling there with her head down. She couldn't find the ground though... Where had it gone? There was no ground at all in the black. Where did it go? She started to panic, and felt like she was falling.

"You like to swallow cum don't you, Cumguzzler?" said another memory. She nodded in the dark frantically hoping it would make the falling stop.

"You want the cum of every man, all over you and inside you, don't you Cumguzzler?" said another closer memory. Yes she nodded furiously, why wasn't the falling stopping! Yes she wanted the cum, please bring back the ground!

"Keep your head down! Look at the ground! Cumguzzler!" The voices blurred together in her shattered mind. Visions blurred with the colors. There was a

condom bulging with the fresh load of cum dangling in front of her. Memories return of her boyfriend who prematurely came in her mouth. She closed her eyes at the sensory over-load but the images remained. There were thousands of penises around her. Conjured by her imagination, an army of cocks was marching around her. All at once the thousands of cocks began to erupt with the resounding voice of all the bodies and all the colors echoing in her head, "Your name is Cumguzzler!"

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She didn't sleep at all that night, but the acid trip abated in the middle of the morning. The screaming down the hall never stopped. Sometimes it was a whimper or a moan, but always there was something. She realized she was in a dark little room not more than 4 feet by 4 feet and only 4 feet high. There was a smell of stale urine and her water bowl was empty. She had to pee again. She whimpered softly to herself as she began to cry at the indignity of peeing on herself in her tiny confined space. When she was done she slumped over to the wall and continued to cry. The drugs completely ravishing her, she felt both numb and electrified. She had heard the term "Spun" once in a movie, and she felt it described her present state well. It hurt to think.

Oh God, how it hurt to think. She tried not to, but it didn't work. Memories of having her ass violated returned to her. "You want me to cum down your throat and make you a greedy little Cumguzzler, don't you?" That had turned her on so much. She even moaned though his cock ramming her asshole gave her no pleasurable sensation.

"When I'm done with you you'll be begging every man you meet for his cum," he had said when he was pounding away at her ass the fastest. She closed her eyes now, to drink in this warm memory. "And if ever a drop should fall on the ground you'll be there to lick it up, won't you?" said the echo in her mind.

She realized in the darkness that her past was stripped from her along with her clothes and her name. She couldn't even remember it now. When she tried looking at that place in her mind all she saw was the menacing trip of falling with no ground to catch her and being told her name was Cumguzzler. She was Cumguzzler now. Whoever she had been was dead now, both officially documented and within her soul. Cumguzzler, she thought to herself... something stirred under her worn out and tired mind. She tried again this time with her drug addled imagination rolling the word around as if it were semen on her tongue, "Cummmmguzzler". She felt the stir again and remembered the long time she had been forced to keep the cum under her tongue which brought the stirring up to a fever pitch.... she realized then what the stirring was. She was soaking wet. Her pussy juices were flooding at the thought of her new name... her new life.